

Jon Thomas Rowland

aggressively interrogated Collin about drugs. I supposed because he was black. Collin hadn't taken any street drugs lately. He was on powerful antipsychotic medication. The cop offered his opinion that Collin's "meds" needed adjustment. I said it had just been done, after a two week re-assessment. I gave him the name of Collin's psychiatrist in case he wanted to discuss it with him.

When I told them that Collin had been diagnosed with schizophrenia the lead cop fatuously demanded to know "which subtype." If he'd really known anything about it he'd have known that such things barely mattered. They changed from one assessment to the next.

The cops took Collin away in hand-cuffs, although it was clear he'd spent his rage. I was glad I hadn't told them he'd been diagnosed with "schizophrenia-paranoid subtype."

I wondered what the camera had caught of this event. The anger? The violence? The bad policing? The ignorance? The waste?

The cops returned to the house a few minutes later. The bad cop was gloating and the good one was beaming with admiration. The bad cop explained that Collin would be back in an hour. He only needed a little anger management. They turned around, broke wind, and departed.

They'd obviously just dropped Collin off at the hospital